VVell shalt thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bin violent to me and mine.

Tamora. VVell hast thou lessond vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
VVho leades towards Rome a band of warlike *Gothes*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
VVhen he is here euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and hir sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe and all thy foes,
And at thy mercie shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
VVhat sayes *Andronicus* to this deuise.

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calles,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Gothes*,
Bid him repaire to me and bring with him,
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Gothes*,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Marcus. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my ministers a long with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tamora. VVhat say you boyes will you abide with (him,
whiles

VVhiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperou
How I haue gouernd our determind iest,
Yee'd to his humor, smooth and speake him
And tarrie with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I knew them all though they supp
And will ore reach them in their owne deu
A paire of cursed hell hounds and their Da

Deme. Maddam depart at pleasure, leau

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge
to lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dost and sweet Reuen

Chiron. Tell vs old man how shall we be

Titus. Tut I haue worke enough for you
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Publius. VVhat is your will?

Titus. Know you these two.

Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take them,

Titus. Fie, *Publius* fie, thou art too much
The one is Murder and Rape is the others na
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an hou
And now I finde it therefore binde them su
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cri

Chiron. Villaines forbeare we are the E

Pub. And therefore doe we what we are
Stop close their mouthes let them not speak
Is he sure bound, looke that you bind them

Enter Titus Andronicus, with a knife, and a Bason.

Titus. Come, come, *Lauinia* looke thy so
Sirs stop their mouthes let them not speake
But let them heare what fearefull words I u
Oh villaines *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,